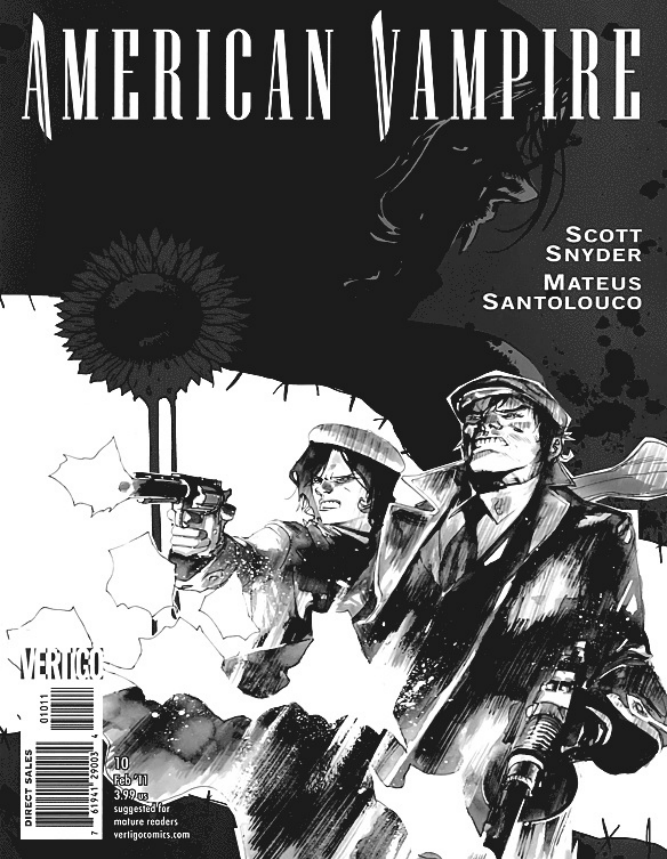


VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

AMERICAN VAMPIRE



SCOTT
SNYDER
MATEUS
SANTOLOUÇO

VERTIGO

01011

DIRECT SALES

10

Feb '11

3.99us

suggested for
mature readers
vertigocomics.com

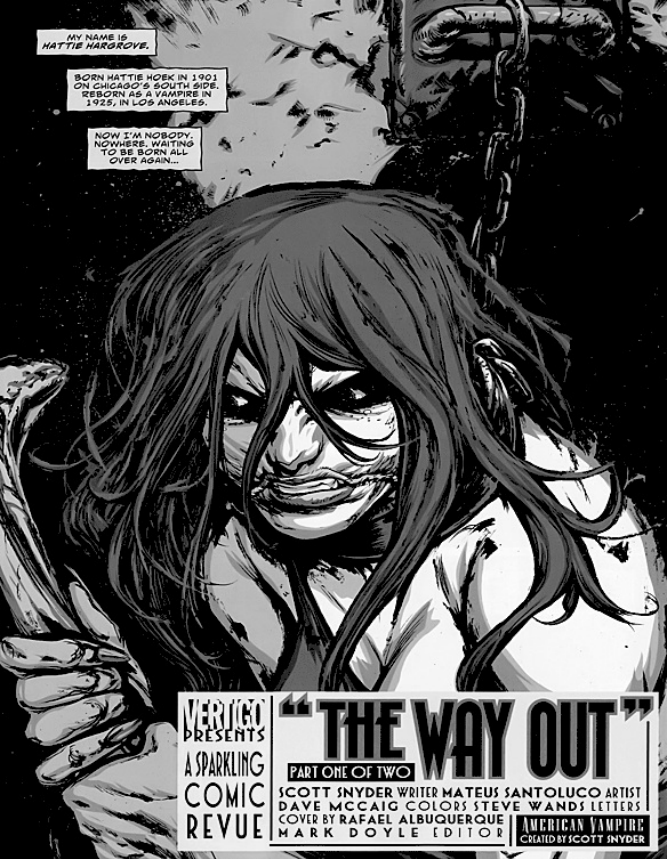
TIME MOVES
DIFFERENTLY DOWN
HERE IN THE DARK.

WITH NO SUNLIGHT OR SHADOWS, NO
WEATHER AT ALL, THERE'S NO FUTURE.
NO RIGHT NOW. NOTHING BUT YOUR
MEMORIES TO KEEP YOU COMPANY.

BUT THEY KEEP ME SO HUNGRY
AND WEAK, I CAN BARELY THINK
STRAIGHT. HOW LONG HAVE I
BEEN LOCKED UP... WEEKS?
MONTHS? I DON'T EVEN KNOW
HOW I GOT TO THIS PLACE.

THERE ARE TIMES I
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO
I AM ANYMORE...

BUT THEN HE COMES HERE.
COMES HERE TO HURT ME
AGAIN, AND IT ALL COMES
FLOODING BACK.



MY NAME IS
HATTIE HARGROVE.

BORN HATTIE HOEK IN 1901
ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE.
REBORN AS A VAMPIRE IN
1925, IN LOS ANGELES.

NOW I'M NOBODY.
NOWHERE. WAITING
TO BE BORN ALL
OVER AGAIN...

VERTIGO
PRESENTS
A SPARKLING
COMIC
REVUE

"THE WAY OUT"

PART ONE OF TWO

SCOTT SNYDER WRITER MATEUS SANTOLUCCO ARTIST
DAVE MCCAIG COLORS STEVE WANDS LETTERS
COVER BY RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE
MARK DOYLE EDITOR

AMERICAN VAMPIRE
CREATED BY SCOTT SNYDER







TIME MOVES
DIFFERENTLY UP
HERE THAN IT DOES
IN THE CITY.



BACK WHEN I LIVED IN LOS
ANGELES, I USED TO MEASURE
TIME IN THESE TINY PIECES...



...HOW MANY MINUTES I HAD
BEFORE I'D BE LATE TO WORK.
HOW MANY HOURS LEFT AT THE
SERVING COUNTER.



BUT UP HERE,
WITH HENRY, TIME
PASSED IN THESE
BIG CHUNKS
BEFORE I EVEN
NOTICE.

IT'S LIKE I BLINK AND
YEARS HAVE GONE BY.



IT SCARES ME
SOMETIMES,
BECAUSE
UNLIKE ME, HE
ONLY HAS SO
MUCH OF IT.

AND HERE I AM,
ASKING HIM TO
SPEND WHAT
LITTLE TIME HE
HAS LIVING WITH
ME, IN HIDING,
AWAY FROM
PEOPLE, FROM
LIFE...

HEY
YOU.



SO THE OTHER DAY, WHEN I WAS IN TOWN I STOPPED IN SCHAPP'S DELI.

MMH-HMM.

AND YOU KNOW HOW SCHAPP IS A BIG JAZZ FAN AND ALL.



I STILL HAVE TWO OF HIS MASSEY HALL RECORDS.

HE WANTED ME TO TELL YOU THAT THERE'S A NEW PLACE THAT OPENED UP DOWN THE ROAD, TOWARD MUNROE.



SCHAPP SAID A GUY FROM KANSAS CITY OPENED IT. THE GUY IS NAMED LITTLE FOOT, OR LITTLE FEET OR SOMETHING.



LITTLE FEET BEALE. THE BOOT-LEGGY? I KNOW HIM. HE HAS SOME CLUBS IN THE SOUTH, USED TO, AT LEAST. A CHARACTER AND A HALF.



APPARENTLY THE PLACE IS THE REAL DEAL. AND AT THE END OF THE NIGHT, THEY LET PEOPLE UP ON STAGE TO JOIN IN, IF THEY WANT.

LOCAL MUSICIANS. YOU COULD BRING YOUR GUITAR.



YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE WATCHING YOU PLAY.

I SUPPOSE I COULD DUST THE OLD GIRL OFF...

TAKE HER FOR A SPIN.



YOU BETTER BE TALKING ABOUT YOUR GUITAR, MISTER.

SOMETIMES AT NIGHT, I
WATCH HENRY SLEEP.

OR RATHER, TRY
TO SLEEP. HE HAS
NIGHTMARES ALL
THE TIME. HE TOSSES
AND TURNS.

HE SAYS THINGS IN HIS
SLEEP, TOO, BUT SO LOW I
CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND...

GO ON,
DO IT.

...EVEN WHEN I PUT MY
EAR RIGHT TO HIS LIPS...

AFTER A DECADE
TOGETHER, I
STILL WONDER
WHAT HE'S
SCARED OF.



IS HE SCARED OF
THE SAME THINGS
I'M SCARED OF?
SCARED OF THE
PULL I FEEL INSIDE
ME, THE DARK TUG
ALL THE TIME?

IS HE SCARED OF THE
FUTURE, LIKE I AM?

SOMETIMES
JUST LISTENING
TO OUR HEARTS--
IT TERRIFIES ME.

BECAUSE MY HEART IS
DIFFERENT, IT BEATS
ONCE A MINUTE AT MOST.
LIKE A LOW, POWERFUL
BOOM INSIDE MY CHEST.

HENRY LIKES TO JOKE
THAT HIS HEARTBEAT IS
THE SECOND-HAND, MINE
IS THE HOUR HAND.

BUT THAT'S WHAT FRIGHTENS
ME. THAT'S WHAT GIVES ME
NIGHTMARES, A FUTURE
WITHOUT HIM.

THERE ARE TIMES I GET
SO SCARED I WANT TO
JUST DO IT.

MY NAME IS
PEARL PRESTON
AND I'M AN
AMERICAN
VAMPIRE.

I WANT TO CUT MY
FINGER, HOLD IT
OVER HIS MOUTH.
BUT I COULDN'T DO
THAT TO HIM. I
COULDN'T TURN HIM
INTO WHAT I AM.

TONIGHT,
WE CELEBRATE.
NO TESTS, NO
PINCHES. IT'S A
NEW YEAR!



HE GETS
LIKE THIS
SOMETIMES,
SAD AND
LONELY AND
DOWNRIGHT
PITIFUL.

SEE THIS, THIS IS WHAT I
MISS. NOT THE EFFECT,
BUT THE EXPERIENCE.

HE GOES OUT
AND DRINKS FROM
SOMEONE WHO
HAD A LITTLE TOO
MUCH--THE ONLY
WAY OUR KIND CAN
GET BLOTTO, AND
THEN HE COMES
DOWN HERE.



THE TASTE AND TEXTURE,
THE SLIGHT STING AT THE
BACK OF THE THROAT.
THE SPARK.

AND ALL HE WANTS TO DO
IS TALK, TALK TALK.

AT FIRST, I HATED IT. BUT THEN I
REALIZED, IF I LISTEN, I LEARN THINGS.

SO TONIGHT,
TONIGHT I'M
GOING TO FOOL
MYSELF. JUST
THIS. ONCE.

MOSTLY THINGS
ABOUT HIM, BUT
SOMETIMES, THINGS
ABOUT ME, TOO.



FOR EXAMPLE, LAST TIME HE GOT THIS
WAY, I LEARNED THAT WHEN HIS BOSSSES
THEY PULLED ME OUT OF THE MORGUE I
WAS AS GOOD AS GONE.



BLAM!

BEAT UP SO BAD BY MY OLD FRIEND PEARL THAT I'D
GONE INTO A STATE OF PERMANENT HIBERNATION.
FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES--DEAD.



BUT SEE, THE THING WITH
VAMPIRES, THE TRICKY THING, IS
THAT TO REALLY TRULY KILL ONE
DEAD, YOU HAVE TO DESTROY
THE HEAD OR HEART.

ALL THE WAY, PEARLIE.
ALL THE WAY...



OR YOU JUST END UP
PISSING THEM OFF.

CRASH!

I'M... I'M SORRY,
MS. HARGROVE. I
LOST MYSELF FOR
A MOMENT...

I GREW
UP IN REIMS,
YOU SEE--

NEAR THE
CHAMPAGNE
HOUSES, I
KNOW.

OF COURSE. I SUPPOSE WE
ALL HAVE OUR WEAK SPOTS.
YOU FORGIVE ME, DON'T YOU?
IN THE SPIRIT OF THE
NEW YEAR?

SURE,
SURE I
DO.

THANK YOU,
MS. HARGROVE.
THANK YOU.

NO,
DOG...

...THANK
YOU.

TIME MOVES DIFFERENTLY
UP HERE ON STAGE.



THERE'S NOTHING BUT THE
RIGHT NOW, THE MUSIC
CARRYING YOU ALONG.

WHOEVER YOU
WERE BEFORE YOU STEPPED
UP HERE, WHOEVER YOU'RE
GOING TO BE WHEN YOU STEP
DOWN--IT DOESN'T MATTER.



IT'S WHY I STARTED
PLAYING IN THE FIRST
PLACE, TO FORGET IT
ALL FOR A WHILE,
OUTRUN THE GHOSTS.



WITH HER, IT FEELS THAT WAY
SOMETIMES. I LOOK AT HER AND
IT'S LIKE THERE'S NOTHING BUT
THE RIGHT NOW, THE RIGHT NOW,
THE RIGHT NOW, AND I'M HAPPY.

LIKE TONIGHT--THE WHOLE JOINT
THUNDERING, POUNDING LIKE A
HEART. CHARACTERS LIKE LITTLE
FEET BEALE IN THE CORNER.
PEOPLE TOO CRAZY TO EVER DIE.

BUT OF COURSE, THE
SONG ALWAYS ENDS.
DOESN'T IT? THAT OLD
PHONOGRAPH OF HERS
SLOWS AND STOPS.

WE WORRY ABOUT
DIFFERENT THINGS, ME
AND HER. SOMETIMES,
CERTAIN MOMENTS,
CATCH HER STARING OFF
INTO SPACE, AND THERE'S
SO MUCH FEAR IN HER
EYES, SO MUCH WORRY.

I WONDER IF SHE'S THINKING
ABOUT WHAT I AM--ABOUT THE
MONSTERS OUT THERE IN THE
REAR-VIEW MIRROR, HUNTING US
EVERY MINUTE, HUNTING HER.

I THINK ABOUT THAT AND IT
MAKES ME WANT TO JUST TELL
HER TO DO IT. TO CUT HER WRIST
AND GIVE ME HER HAND SO I CAN
RIGHT THEM ALONGSIDE HER.

BUT THEN THE FEAR
PASSES AND WE GO
BACK TO BEING US.
PEARL AND HENRY.
LIKE ANYONE ELSE.

STILL, I
KNOW
ABOUT
THE PAST,
THE WAY
IT ALWAYS
CATCHES
UP...

...CATCHES UP
WITH A VENGEANCE.

I'M SORRY,
MR. HARROVE,
BUT TONIGHT IS
THE MAJOR
CHLORIDES.

SO
UNFORTUNATELY,
THIS IS GOING TO
BE A LONG
APPOINTMENT.

DIDN'T
SOMEONE TELL
YOU? I'M AFRAID I
CAN'T MAKE OUR
APPOINTMENT
TODAY.

IS THAT
SO?

YEP, SOMETHING
CAME UP.

SO I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO
CANCEL.

WHAT ARE
YOU--



YOU WERE GABING THE
OTHER DAY ABOUT YOU'RE
FROM FRANCE, LAND OF
CHAMPAGNE AND ALL
THAT.

THAT'S
FUNNY,
'CAUSE ME,
I'M FROM
CHICAGO,
LAND OF
LOTS OF
STUFF.

RED MEAT,
BICYCLES, OH,
AND ONE THING
THEY MADE IN A
PLANT RIGHT NEAR
MY BUILDING
WHEN I WAS
GROWING
UP...

WAS BOTTLE CORKS.
FOR SODA POP, BEER,
MEDICINE BOTTLES.
SEE, CORKS ARE
MADE OF CORK OAK.
FROM GOD OAK
TREES.



"YOU JUST GOT
ONE PINCH COMING
TO YOU."

I THOUGHT
I RECOGNIZED
YOU. JESUS, MAN,
WHERE YOU
BEENT

WHAT CIRCUIT
YOU TRAVELING?
I'LL SET UP A GIG
FOR YOU.

THANKS, BUT I HUNG
UP MY TRAVELING
SHOES A WHILE BACK,
BROTHER.

WELL EITHER WAY, I'VE GOT
CARDS IN THE BACK. CALL ME
HERE ANYTIME TO GET IN
ON THINGS.

YOU STILL
GOT JUICE IN
YOU, MAN.

HEAR THAT?
YOUR MAN
STILL HAS THE
JUICE.



LOOK AT US,
UP LATE WITH
THE YOUNG
FOLK.

HEY.



THANKS
FOR THIS. NOT
JUST TONIGHT.
ALL OF IT.



MMMM. WE
SHOULD GET
OUT MORE
OFTEN.



I WAS JUST
THINKING THE SAME
THING. MAYBE I WILL
TAKE ONE OF THOSE
CARDS AFTER
ALL.



I WAITED UNTIL MORNING TO MAKE MY EXIT. ONE LAST NIGHT WITH MY PAL, THE GOOD DOCTOR, JUST CHATTING, PASSING THE TIME.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE DOG DIED BEFORE I COULD GET MORE OUT OF HIM, ABOUT WHAT'S UPSTAIRS FROM MY LITTLE SUITE.



WHICH IS WHY I WAITED UNTIL NOW TO LEAVE, WHEN I'M READY.



READY FOR ANYTHING...

ALL RIGHT, YOU SCUMBAGG. BRING IT...







AND YOU AND ME, WELL, WE
GOT A LOT TO DISCUSS.
DON'T WE? DON'T WORRY
THOUGH. I'M COMING.



...SOON ENOUGH
I'LL BE KNOCKING
AT YOUR DOOR.

NOK
NOK

LITTLE
FEET YOU
IN--



GRAB HIM,
BOYS!





GET OUT OF
HERE HENRY!
RUN!





ON THE LEDGE

EDITORIAL BY

MARK BUCKINGHAM

When Karen Berger gave me my first big break as an artist on an issue of

Hellblazer in 1988, my main concern was to do a good enough job to get to do another one.

I never imagined it would be the start of what has already been a 22-year-long association with DC Comics and Vertigo.

It is hard to believe I have spent nearly a decade of that drawing *Fables*!

For me *Fables* still feels as fresh and exciting as it did the day I started. Bill Willingham has created such a richly populated universe, with a huge cast of people, monsters and talking animals, spread out across so many diverse worlds, that every time we start a new arc it's like starting work on a brand new comic. Add to that the constant support and encouragement from editorial wizard Shelly Bond and the amazing team of Leialoha, Loughridge, Klein, Ruas, Rufino, Pepoy, Green and all who contribute to the series. I always feel incredibly fortunate to work with such a tight knit and talented bunch.

Over the recent years Shelly and Bill have created opportunities for me to try my hand at a number of other skills outside of my regular pencilling duties. I've designed sculptures, painted covers, and contributed to story plotting.

The one remaining thing I really wanted to do was write.

Bill and I have been talking about swapping jobs for a while now. When Bill wrote a series of three-page short stories as backups during the "Sons of Empire" arc, I asked if maybe I could one day write one of those for Bill to draw.

When plans began to formulate for *Fables* #100, Shelly brought up the subject again as a possible extra for the book. She also had an elegant solution, inspired by *Peter and Max*, for concerns about squeezing artwork into Bill's busy schedule. I would write a prose story and Bill would provide illustrations, leaving him free enough to draw as many or as few as time allowed. Perfect!

Just one problem: I hadn't written prose professionally before.

I approached the writing of my story for *Fables* #100 with considerable trepidation. I had, more by accident than design, written a strip for *House of Mystery* a year earlier, to which Bill had added the finishing touches, but this would be my first time writing solo.

I eventually found the subject for the story, a tale of Pinocchio and Geppetto, amongst a collection of plot ideas for the regular series I had sent to Bill and Shelly a year earlier.

It had an ending that had always existed crystal clear in my mind. So I unashamedly stole it back and with it found the confidence I needed to write.

In addition to the prose story you'll find examples of some of the other skills I've recently been developing in the pages of *Fables* #100. The board game sees me painting again. The Paper Theatre sees me flexing my designer muscles once more, and the main story has the addition of grey tone washes throughout to give the whole book a richer, painterly feel. And I'm not alone. Everyone in the *Fables* team has pulled out all the stops to make this issue special: Joao Ruas, drawing his first strip, along with amazing guests such as Chrissie Zullo, Dave Johnson, Adam Hughes, Kate McElroy (making her comics debut) and JH Williams III all bring something magical to this 100-page special. Which is, ultimately, a huge thank-you to our loyal readers.

So there you have it. A milestone event for *Fables*...

...and my first big writing break. I hope it's good enough that I get to do another one!

-Mark Buckingham



Flavor and all the product line events! The DC Universe is a vast and exciting world. We're proud to be a part of it. We're proud to be a part of it. We're proud to be a part of it.

HOT LIST



PETER AND MAX - SC

The critically acclaimed *FABLES* prose novel from creator Bill Willingham is now in trade paperback! Featuring lush ink drawings by *FABLES* artist Steve Leialoha and a bonus sequential short story.

12.10
HIT LIST

AMERICAN VAMPIRE #9	AMERICAN VAMPIRE #10	DMZ #60
HELLBLAZER #274	HOUSE OF MYSTERY #32	
IZOMBIE #8	JOHN CONSTANTINE: HELLBLAZER-CITY OF DEMONS #5	
NORMLANDERS #35	SCALPED #44	SWEET TOOTH #16
SWEET TOOTH VOL. 2: IN CAPTIVITY	THE UNWRITTEN #20	
VERTIGO RESURRECTED: HELLBLAZER	VERTIGO RESURRECTED: WINTER'S EDGE	

GRAPHIC COLLECTIONS

FABLES VOL. 14: WITCHES

While the meek flying monkey Bufkin is trapped in Fabletown's collapsed business office with the evil witch Baba Yaga, Frau Totenkinder and the witches of the Woodlands' thirteenth floor prepare to deal with Mister Dark in what's left of Fabletown. Collecting *FABLES* #86-93!



AND FOR A FREE DOWNLOAD OF THE FIRST ISSUE OF ALL YOUR FAVORITE SERIES: www.vertigobooks.com

DIANE NELSON, President • GAIL DODD and JIM LEE, Co-Publishers • GLOFF JONES, Chief Creative Officer • PATRICK CAULON, Executive VP Finance & Administration • JOHN ROSS, Executive VP Sales, Marketing & Business Development • KAREN BERGER, Senior VP Executive Editor • AMY GEMINI, Senior VP Business & Legal Affairs • STEVE ROTTENDAM, Senior VP Sales & Marketing • JOHN CUNNINGHAM, VP Marketing • PETER CUNNINGHAM, VP Managing Editor • ALISON GILL, VP Manufacturing • DAVID HYSE, VP Publicity • SUE PERAZA, VP Book Trade Sales • ALYSSA GILL, VP Advertising & Custom Publishing • BOB WAYNE, VP Sales • MARK CHARELLO, Art Director

AMERICAN VAMPIRE and Hellblazer are trademarks of DC Comics. IZOMBIE is a trademark of DC Comics. The names, characters and likenesses of the characters are trademarks of DC Comics. The names, characters and likenesses of the characters are trademarks of DC Comics. The names, characters and likenesses of the characters are trademarks of DC Comics.



Minutemen
Nosferatu